DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886. NUMBER 39

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

POETRY.

HEART TO HEART.

I have somewhere read in olden tales—
Such as the Persian poets sing—
That in the fragrant eastern vales
Are birds with but a single wing.

And hooks and links of solid bone.
The want of missing wings supply;
And thus, when either bird alone
Essays through boundless space to fly,

Each lacks its other better part,
Which being by its mate supplied,
They, linked together, heart to heart,
With hopeful wings can upward glide.

Each bird, depending on its mate,
Thus feels the need of loving care;
Each bears in part the other's weight,
And thus is formed a perfect pair.

And so, I've thought the human heart
Will silent in its prison dwell,
And languish till its counterpart
Is brought within its subtle spell.

Like those rare birds of eastern clime,
It strives in vain to leave the earth,
Until at Fate's appointed ti e
It finds a mate of equal worth.

And then, bound fast with bonds of love,
More lasting far than hooks of bone,
The twain can soar to realms above—
Two souls in form—in love but one.

Selected.

STORY TELLER.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY HAROLD W. RAYMOND.

"Yes," said Earnest, thoughtfully stroking his big mustache. "I have been a Prodigal Son. I know the whole story. It wasn't a bit funny. If you doubt my words, just try it for yourself; but pray don't blame me if you find that it hurts worse than a ruler on a wet hand.

"It is only fair to say that I was just an every-day bad boy, of a very common New York kind. You wouldn't have to go far, my dear, to find plenty of fellows who were worse, and plenty more who were better, than I. So, you see, I was not a bad as bad could be; oh, dear, no! Indeed, I had a kind heart, I am sure; and I just adored my little mother. I had heaps and heaps of good intentions; and when mamma cried and begged me not to be so wild and mischievous, why, bless me, I would cry half the night with the realest kind of remorse, and promise—oh, so earnestly—that I would turn over a new leaf and keep it turned over. I never knew a boy who could do more hard and bitter repenting in the course of a single night. But then daylight would come, and I would forget, and—well, you know the rest, if you are not a boy of the Sunday-school variety.

"My father—what shall I say about him? I really suppose he ought to have been gadded himself, if people got what they deserved. But he had a lot of money to take care of, and he was awfully busy getting a lot more—I'm sure I don't know why, for he had more than we could ever spend. So it was only once in a while that he could stop long enough to weep over his harum-scarum son. When did stop, he used to say that there was enough original sin in my little body to keep a mischief-mill running day and night. Then he would rawhide me till the welts on my back were criss like the shading on one of Mr. Thomas Nast's big cartoons, though I did not have much time to think of pictures then, I assure you. He always ended the performance with a lecture, in which I was informed that I was wilder and wickeder than a whole tribe of Western Indians, with squaws, papooses, Big Medicine Men, and dogs thrown in. I never thought much of this joke, but it always seemed to cheer him up immensely. He would then go back to making money, and spoil me, just as he had done before, with plenty of spending money and unlimited liberty to do as I please. Great humbugs, these rich and generous fathers, aren't they?

"Well, with such a start, I don't think it was strange that in the middle of my Freshman year at college I was suddenly sent home to stay. Somebody had been playing pranks, I was pounced upon. Lying not being one of my accomplishments, I admitted having a hand in the mischief. I wouldn't peach on my companions, so I was made a scapegoat. My father said his heart was broken. I had disgraced the family. The only thing he could do with me, he thought, was to send me traveling. Perhaps I might pick up some common sense in foreign lands. The next I knew I was on board the American packet ship 'Liberty,' in the midst of tumbling waves, and bound for Australia. There was a letter of credit in my pocket, and a new pain in my heart—one, my dear, that I hope you may never experience.

"Did I cry? Now please don't ask impertinent questions. Was I homesick and miserable amid the wild waste of waters? Ah, my dear boy, you do not know how big and lonesome and awful the great sea makes this world feel. You never realize its size until you have been going for days and days, with the same circle of water about you, with no apparent end or front. You feel that the distance back to your beloved home can never be measured. At the same time your memory becomes very active, and events of a year ago are brought vividly before you. You can feel mamma's last kiss like a benediction upon your brow; you can feel her soft, warm hands about you, just as when she held you close and begged you, while big tears fell on your hair, to be a good boy, and come back very, very soon. Oh! *oh!* OH! how good you would be if you could only have those dear arms about you now! But all the money in the world could not take you back now.

"So the big ship crept on, and on, and on, across the summer sea, until half of this huge world lay between me and my home.

"I was a hundred days older—and felt a hundred years—when the 'Liberty' reached Melbourne. You don't know much about Melbourne, do you? Nor about Australia? Oh, yes; I've no doubt you know just where the big red blot is on the map in your geography, and can tell me what that book says about the big island. But you have a very foggy idea about it in spite of that, I'll wager my hat. You cannot imagine what a great country it is, with mountains and valleys and plains; with rivers as big as the Hudson, and cities as large as Brooklyn. Why, Melbourne is a big city, with huge wharves and warehouses, and elegant buildings and street-cars, and noise, and smoke, and big ships and steamers in the harbor, and thousands of people who never heard of the Brooklyn Bridge or the Bartholdi Statue! Just think of it! I tell you I realized these things when I landed in the big, strange city, and knew there was not a man, woman or child there I had ever seen or heard of. Lonesome as I was on the ocean, I was a thousand times more lonesome in this bustling place, so full of strange faces. I wanted to blubber right out in the streets, but of course I was enough a man not do that.

"As I said before, I had a letter of credit in my pocket. There was nothing mean about my father, and he had given me documents which would enable me to draw at the various banks in Australia £25 sterling, or over $200 a month. But I had been thinking the matter over. There was a very considerable portion of the American eagle tucked away in my sixteen-year-old body, and I was too independent for anything. I made up my mind that I would not use the letter of credit, or accept any further assistance from my father. I would cast him off. He had chosen to turn me away from his home, I said to myself. Never, never again would I touch a penny of his money. I would show him whether I was a good for naught, as he had said. My plan was to make a fortune in short order. Then I would return to New York, and as I unfolded my millions to the astonished gaze of my stern parent, I should snap my fingers in his face and cry:

"Keep thy wealth, sirrah! I wish none of it!"

It gave me great comfort to repeat these words, and as I thought over my coming triumph I forgot all about my homesick feelings.

"Oh dear! I don't believe you want to hear the rest of this story. It makes me blush to think of it. Well, if I must, here goes.

"I very soon found out that Melbourne was full of men who had come from distant lands to get rich quickly in the Land of Promise. The city was full of strangers of every sort; Englishmen, Irishmen, Americans, Spaniards, Chinamen, and I don't know what all. It was a pretty rough crowd, if the truth must be told. They were all talking of the gold fields and the sheep pasturages, and I soon found out that these were considered that two royal roads to fortune. I mingled with the rough, restless crowd, and my ears burned with the stories I heard of my fabulous nuggets of gold picked up in the new El Dorado. Men looked at my clothes, with some astonishment, but they were accustomed to see all sorts of men and boys among them, for the gold fever is by no means a poor man's disease, and ministers and miners often worked side by side, cradling for the precious mineral which makes the world so miserable.

"One day I fell in with a smooth, sleek man who took a great interest in me. I told him all about myself and my plans for astonishing the governor. He said I was a brave fellow, and advised me to join his party, which were getting ready for the gold fields. I was only too glad to accept. When I woke up one morning and found that my new friend had walked off with my new clothes, my gold watch, my letter of credit, and all my money, I began to lose faith in the gold fields. The rascal had left me his well-worn clothes, and to show that he still had a conscience, he had placed a couple of gold sovereigns in the vest pocket.

"So I tried sheep-raising, perforce. Now, I don't think I care to say much about the two years I spent, three hundred miles from Melbourne, working for a farmer at seven English shillings a week. It was not a life to brag about. For a young man seeking his fortune it was not success. If you could have seen Ernest Travers, the son of a rich man, shelling dried peas, and helping to wash sheep, and carrying horses, all for the princely sum of a dollar and a half a week and his board, I don't think you would have envied the Prodigal Son a bit. I don't care to tell how many quarts of tears I shed on those peas, or how many, many times, I vowed that if I ever got home again, I would be a good boy for ever after. I hoarded the pennies, but they came slowly.

"One day, after two years of this life, I threw down my spade where I was digging, and started on foot of Melbourne. Do you know what is it to walk three hundred miles over a rough country? I hope you never will. When I reached Melbourne my clothes were in tatters and my shoes were all uppers. I was so stiff that it took me an hour to walk half a mile, and the big blister on my feet often made me cry with pain, and I was no baby. I was a pretty looking spectacle! On the road a big tramp took away my little hoard of money, and all I had left was a few shillings which he had overlooked. I had intended to go home as a steerage passenger. Now I must work my passage.

"But this was not so easy. Sea captains looked at my ragged clothes and tangled hair, laughed, and said they didn't want any help.

"I slept at a tramps' lodging-house—at best it was almost that. For a six-pence you bought a ticket entitling you to a night's lodging, such as it was. I ate stale rolls, and thought them good. I had no money to buy better fare with. Every day I passed the bank to which I had letters of introduction, but pride kept me from going in.

"One night I spent my last six-pence for a lodging ticket. By some chance that night that man who took up the tickets passed me by. I kept the ticket in my pocket, and wondered if I could get another night's lodging out of it. The next day I had nothing to eat. Late in the afternoon I swallowed my pride—and it was all I had left to swallow—and went into the bank.

"'Have you any mail for Earnest Travers?' I asked.

"The clerk looked at me curiously.

"'What Earnest Travers? he asked.

"I mentioned my father's name and address.

"'Wait a moment,' said the clerk. He went into an inner office, and I heard whispering voices, and saw curious faces peering at me through the glass doors. The room was whirling around, and my head left light and giddly and queer. My heart was beating wildly, yet I want to laugh, and all the while I was suffering cruel agonies of apprehension. Oh, how hungry I was!

"When the clerk came back and told me to call again the next morning at ten, I smiled and winked at him familiarly, and staggered out of the door. My heart felt as if it would burst. I made one final effort to find work on a ship. In vain. Then I wandered through the streets, and looked at the good things to eat in the bake-shop windows. I thought of my dear mother, and prayed through blinding tears that I might see her just once before I died. It was not death I feared, but to die so far away.

"When nightfall came I crept back to the lodging house. I smiled once to think of the chance which gave me shelter for one more night. When the man came around to take the tickets I handed him mine. It was a blue one. He handed it back to me.

"'That's the wrong color for to-night,' he said. 'Pay or git.'"

"So I spent the night in the streets—the longest, darkest, most awful night of my life.

* * * * * *

"Well, that ends the story of the Prodigal Son," said Ernest with a long sigh. "When I reached the bank next morning at ten, the first face I saw was the big, good-natured face of Captain Coffin, the master of the packet 'Liberty.' It was the first familiar face I had seen in two years. It looked to me like the face of the angel.

"'Captain Coffin!' I shouted. 'O God, I thank thee!'

"'Yes, that are the lad,' said the hearty old sailor man. 'Ben on a lee shore, hain't ye, boy?'

"And then I learned how I had been cabled about and advertised for until the bank was overrun with pretended Earnest Traverses."—*Christian Union.*

Where the Bullion Goes to.

It is often asked, what has become of the huge amount of bullion that India has absorbed in recent years? She has received on balance some £350,000,000 of silver and gold in the last 40 years. What has become of it all? Many writers in England hold that this is a great proof of its wealth. It is not so regarded in India; it is extremely difficult to say what becomes of the money; no one could give me a satisfactory answer. It is apparently diffused over that vast population, either in the form of coin or ornaments; it shows little visible sign of existence; probably much of it is hoarded. There still remains in India the feeling of mistrust, burned into the mind of the people through ages of pillage and anarchy. No property is considered by the villagers quite secure unless it can be hidden. Banks and Bank notes are very little used; the rupee has to perform the ordinary exchanges of 250,000,000 people, and everything that can be spared is put upon the women in the shape of rings, bracelets, anklets, and other ornaments. Of late years a considerable part of the bullion imported—fully one-third—is in gold, and it is said that much of this goes into the native States, where the Rajahs and rich natives are fond of display. I doubt whether any safe conclusion can be drawn as to the wealth and prosperity of the masses of people merely on account of this absorption of bullion; still, it is undoubted that India has greatly replenished her currency as compared with the early part of the century, when it was deplorably scanty, and when the rudest means had to be adopted for the purpose of exchange.—*The Contemporary Review.*

Held on Too Long.

Two years ago oil was struck at the Marshall farm, in Venango county. The farm contained 350 acres, and before the oil was found would have been considered a good sale at $10 an acre. The wells drilled on the farm were big "gushers", and opened up a new oil territory. A month after the first well was struck the farm was sold for $350,000. The Bartley farm adjoining also proved to be an oil farm, and was sold for $75,000. The school district of the township owned an acre of ground which, with a red schoolhouse, was worth $500. The schoolhouse property was surrounded by the big wells, and all indications were the acre was the center of a rich oil pool.

A prominent oil operator offered the school directors $50,000 for the acre. The offer was refused. They held out for $100,000. The would be purchaser raised his offer to $75,000. This was the highest price ever offered for an acre of land anywhere in the country If it had been accepted this rural district would have the richest country schoolhouse district in the Union. It was refused. Wells were put down all around the acre. In the course of time the school directors concluded to tap the rich veins of oil that were supposed to be under the red schoolhouse and its lot. At an expense of several thousand dollars they have put down a well, and the tract is found to be as dry as a bone. The schoolhouse property is now rated at its old value of $500, and the officials are very sick.—*Allentown (Pa.) Register.*

Illustrative of the Turkish Law.

A gentleman, formerly a professor in Roberts college, Constantinople, relates the following travesty of justice illustrative of the law in Turkey, where an accused man must prove his innocence, or else be declared guilty: A convert to Christianity came to Dr. Lord, a missionary there, and asked if it was ever right to tell a lie. This was a staggerer for the doctor, and he said he would have to know the case before he could decide, although, on general principles, he did not think it was. "The case is this," replied the seeker after truth: "A Turk, a stranger to me, living in Rutschuk, accused me of buying and receiving from him 1,000 sheep. I knew of no way of proving that I did not buy and receive these sheep, and the case must certainly go against me. It came up for trial to-day, and after the charge had been made, I admitted that I had bought and received the sheep (which was a lie), and had at the same time paid for them in full. He couldn't prove that I had not; so the case was dismissed." The doctor thought that, if ever a lie was justifable, this was certainly the time.—*The Argonaut.*

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.—*Uncle Ezek.*

Mr. Gladstone receives no salary as premier, but as first lord of the treasury his yearly compensation is $25, 000.

Hereafter English soldiers will not be allowed to smoke in the streets in the daytime.

Grant Full of Human Nature.

He had few affections, but these were intense; he did not hate many, but he could be implacable. He was not what is usually called ambitious, but after he had been long in power he was not insensible to the sweets of possession, and was decidedly averse to relinquishing what he had enjoyed. He was not vain, but he knew his own qualities, and, though he had the faculty of receiving adulation with a greater appearance of equanimity than any human being I have known, he was not indifferent to the recognition of the world or the praises of his friends. He who never betrayed on that imperturbable countenance that he relished the plaudits of the multitude, has told me often with delicious frankness afterward of the compliments he had received; he who seemed so careless of censure or criticism, after some little speech of four or five lines, has looked around shyly as he sat down and whispered: "Was that all right?"

The disclosure is no betrayal of his confidence, now that his modesty can no longer be pained. It can not but make his calm and stalwart nature still more interesting to know that it covered the ordinary softnesses of humanity. The living, breathing man is nearer to us than the statue of stone or unreal demi-god. The Grant that I knew was full of human nature. He had his weaknesses, but they made him more lovable sometimes to those who found them out; he had his weaknesses, but to deny this would be to deny that he was mortal.—*Adam Badeau's Letter*

She Indulged, but it Came High.

A good story anent Fannie Kemble floats across the horizon from the memory of an elderly lady who knew her well. It was a time when Boston was the great actress' nominal home, and her Summers were spent here and there in rural Massachusetts. She had engaged a worthy neighbor to be her charioteer during the same season of one of her country sojournings, and they were setting out on their first excursion. With kind-hearted loquacity he was beginning to expatiae on the country crops, and the history of the people around about, when Fanny remarked in her imperious, dogmatic fashion: "Sir, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me!" The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips, and ever after kept his peace. When the vacation weeks were over, and the dame was about to return to town, she sent for the Jehu and his bill. Running her eye down it awkward columns she paused. "What is this item, sir?" said she; "I can not understand it." And with equal gravity he rejoined: "Sass—$5. I don't often take it; but when I do, I charge!" The bill was paid, and the tragedienne and the bucolic philosopher were fast friends after that.

Observation.

There is nothing like keeping one's eyes open while going through this world. Trifles often produce great results. The inventor of the "spinning jenny," was poor, and almost at "the last gasp," when he saw what trouble his wife had in spinning with the old-fashioned machine, and set his wits to work and invented the "spinning jenny," which made the whole spinning business easier and more extensive.

Take Gray's Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard. It is a very fine poem. Every one that reads it says that. A friend of mine once told an artist that every line contained a subject for a picture. His idea was something like this. Take the first stanza:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way;
And leaves the world to darkness and to me:"

William the Conqueror ordered the church-bells to be tolled at sunset as a signal for every Saxon to go home in order to prevent the assembling of crowds. That was called the "curfew." My friend's idea was that the picture should represent a churchyard filled with graves and trees.

"Beneath those rugged elms that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The church tower, old and hoary, covered with ivy. In the distance is seen the hamlet, towards which the ploughman is slowly and wearily walking. Between the hamlet and the church is seen a herd of cattle. Darkness is rapidly coming on, the sun sinking beyond the horizon, and the solitary figure of a man in the churchyard is seen in the foreground. If the picture was properly painted by a good artist, and sold to the right party, it would bring him both fame and fortune, but there is a big *if* in the case.

While I am about it, I venture to suggest two other subjects for pictures to my artist friends. One very hot evening last June, I met a young lady leaning heavily on the arm of a gentleman. As I had been acquainted with her since she was about a month old, I was rather startled, fearing she had suddenly become lame; so I made inquiries, and found out that she was not at all lame—only in love. That would be a fine subject for a picture entitled "Six Months Before Marriage." A short time ago I met two friends, man and wife, in the street, followed them for two blocks and watched them with a great deal of interest. Each marched along totally independent and indifferent to the movements of the other—the gentleman leading, the lady following. That would do, properly handled, for a picture called "Thirty Years After Marriage." The artist ought, of course, to use the portraits of the same persons in both pictures—in one they are young; in the other old. Would like to see the pictures when finished, but am afraid it will take some time to paint them as our artists, wearied out by their tremendous labors, all seem to be taking a rest.

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

IN MEMORIAM.

REMARKS BY THE REV. A. F. STEELE AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. FANNY L. FREEMAN STRONG, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

It is not customary with us to make funeral addresses and eulogies. But it has been deemed proper on this occasion, because of the peculiar circumstances, to say a few words, not of empty praise, but in witness of the Christian character, particularly the patience of our departed sister, manifested in the mist of unusual difficulties and afflictions.

It may account in part for some of her traits, if we bear in mind that she was the daughter of a missionary of the cross. Her father, the Rev. John Edgar Freeman, a Presbyterian minister, went from the United States to India, and after many years of successful labor mingled with hardships, was slain in the massacre at Cawnpore, in 1857, the year of the Sepoy revolt. When he and his wife went forth from the comforts of home to that strange and distant land, at a period when it required half a year to reach it, or receive a letter from it, it needed much more courage to undertake the journey and bear the isolation than it does now; when the journey can be made in 60 days; when messages can be sent and received the same morning; and when commerce carries the comforts and the intercourse of civilized life to every quarter of the globe.

The same brave spirit, which animated the father, descended to the daughter, but was sustained, no doubt, in her as it was in him by divine grace; for it was cherished by her as a gift from God. So natural heroism became Christian fortitude; as all natural gifts may become sanctified and elevated into Christian graces, if we will have it so.

She was born in India, and when five years of age, being deaf and mute, was sent to this country with the thought that the sense of hearing might possibly be restored, or at all events that she might receive the benefits of that system of education for deaf-mutes which has in our generation been so wonderfully developed. At thirteen years of age, she wrote a sketch of her own history, in which she used these words:—"God made me deaf and dumb; and I am patient. I thank God for giving me kind friends and many blessings." This was the key-note of her life. She *did* enjoy many blessings; yet the latter portion of her life was passed in suffering. For the last eight years she was afflicted with a disease which grew more and more painful and complicated, but she was *patient* through all, greeting her family and visitors day by day with a sweet and hopeful smile. Her nearest kinsfolk, of course, knew best what she suffered, and what was her unswerving faith in the benevolent purposes of God. But others also can testify. The physician who has attended her for the four years last passed, says that in all that time she never by sign or written word expressed a complaint. She was visited at times by a brother, a minister of the gospel of Christ, also by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of the Church for deaf-mutes in New York City, Rev. Mr. Syle, and by myself. All can bear the same testimony.

She always manifested the greatest pleasure in receiving the consolations of the Christain religion, and particularly in receiving the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, which seemed to impress her vividly with a sense of the Saviour's presence and of His power to communicate spiritual life.

Her interest in religion was practical. She sent her offerings continually to St. Mark's Church, and a liberal thank-offering last Easter Day as an expression of gratitude to God for that her older son had received the Holy Spirit in the Apostolic rite of Confirmation.

To show her devout submission to the divine will, I will read a few lines which she marked in a volume of Faber's Hymns, a book which she loved to read,

O Lord! I live always in pain,
My life's sad under-song,
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief;
A joyless life i worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

Let us, my friends, thank God for her good example; for the assurance that she has entered into a new and blessed life; and for a knowledge of the glorious gospel of Christ, with its revelation of God's mercy, and its promises concerning the life beyond the grave—a knowledge which comes freely to *all* of us now, whether we have the sense of hearing or have it not. Last Sunday, which day Dr. Gallaudet is accustomed to call "*Ephphatha*" Sunday, from the word spoken by our Lord in healing the deaf man, as recorded in the Gospel for the day. I used in my sermon the following words, with which I will close these remarks:—"May we "all live for Christ, so that our lives "as well as our tongues shall show "forth His praise until He shall say "another *Ephphatha*—Be opened, "and the gates of Paradise shall open "to receive us into that heavenly "country where no ears are deaf, and "no tongues are mute."

LECTURE.

There will be an interesting lecture, delivered by Prof. Thomas F. Fox, of the New York Institution, at the rooms of the St. Joseph's Union, Brooklyn, on the 22d of October at 8 P.M. His subject will be: "Mysteries of Sleep." Every lady and gentleman should attend and enjoy the lecture. Admission free.

WM. ENNIS, *Sec'y.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1886.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year,	$1.50
Clubs of ten,	1.00
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THERE is in New York City no deaf-mute who takes a greater interest in, or labors harder for the welfare of his class than Mr. C. R. Thomson. His work is self-imposed, and at the same time is wholly a labor of love. His success in connection with the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, is too well known to need explanation. In about two years he succeeded in raising almost $2000 for the "building fund." Now that the Home has been secured, instead of relaxing his efforts, he has gone ahead with increased energy to reduce the debt entailed upon the managers at the time of purchase. The mortgage that still remains to be cleared off, amounts to about $15,000. And it is here that our philanthropic friend looms up in grand proportions. We believe he has in his care nearly one-seventh of the sum required to free the Home from debt. The last $500 has been donated by four prominent business men of this city within two weeks. If all would work as faithfully and earnestly as Mr. Thomson, it would not take many months to wipe out the debt which is such a heavy burden upon the prosperity of the Gallaudet Home. If due economy and care are exercised, the support of the inmates will come almost entirely from the land upon which the Home is situated. There are many acres of good soil and a fair complement of live stock, so that all that is needed is judicious management and frugality.

THE fame and merits of Prof. E. H. Currier's Ear Tubes, have penetrated to every part of the world. Since his demonstration of the possibility of educating, by means of his invention, many of those supposed to be totally deaf, quite an impetus has been given to experimental work in that direction. There can hardly be any doubt that deficient hearing, like deficient sight, can be improved by properly adjusted acoustic contrivances. To our personal knowledge, the Currier Ear Tube has enabled persons to hear who could get no satisfactory results from any other instrument. The article from the *South Australian Advertiser*, which we reproduce in this issue, shows a commendable desire, on the part of the Deaf and Dumb Institution authorities at Adelaide, to take advantage of this new aid in oral teaching.

AN act of heroism with a very pathetic ending, occurred in Pennsylvania a few days ago. A young semi-mute, after saving the lives of a gentleman and lady, died from exhaustion caused by his terrible struggle to save them from a watery grave. The young man's name was William Burge. He was in attendance at the deaf-mute convention recently held in Scranton, and those who saw his muscular figure and healthful appearance, little dreamed that of all assembled there, he would be the first one whom Death's shaft would strike.

IN another part of this paper is the announcement of the third conference of church workers among the deaf, to meet in Chicago during the latter part of October. The General Convention of the Episcopal Church will be in Session at the time. In connection with this conference a Mission will be held from Sunday, October 24th to 31st. The week in question promises to be very profitable and interesting to the deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity. The programme of services is given in another column. As to the conference, it will be the first of the kind ever held in the west.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss Eva B. Tilton, of Dalton, has gone to Vermont on a visit to her friends and relatives.

Miss Lillie M. Price, who has been summering at Lake George, has returned to her home in New York City.

Miss Lizzie Brinck is again among her friends in New York, after a couple of months' sojourn in the rural districts.

Prof. D. S. Rogers contributes to the *Carolina Spartan* a couple of columns concerning his trip across the continent to the California Convention.

It is reported that Eva and Emma J. Tilton will either go to New York, or Lowell before long. They are inclined to attend the ball on December 10th.

Miss Emma A. Vincent is visiting with Miss Cranesville Park at Dalton. She is a nice deaf and dumb lady, and works in a shoe shop at North Adams.

Katie M. D., of Pittsfield, N. H., would like to know if Mrs. Finimore is still in Lawrence, Mass. She has written to her several times and never heard from her.

Mr. Patten, a deaf-mute of Concord, N. H., formerly of Ohio, has just returned home after a month's vacation. He is in excellent health and working in the *People and Patriot* printing office.

Mutes going to the Pittsfield covention will find much pleasure in the mountain scenery. Catamount is 1431 feet above the level of the sea, and from its summit can be seen Portland Light in a clear dark night eighty miles distant.

Mr. Charles E. Stocking had a pleasant call from Mr. Frank D. Cole, a semi-mute, of Syracuse, N. Y., last Wednesday. Mr. Cole went to Waterville, N. Y., to see his mother-in-law, Mrs. Goodrich Risley. He is taking advantage of vacation for three weeks.

Mr. Walter E. Wright, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., a deaf-mute, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stocking, of Utica, N. Y., last Thursday. He has been staying with them for a few days. He enjoyed his visit very much. He has returned to Rome, where he attends school.

Mr. J. F. J. Tresch sends us the following: "J. F. J. Tresch, the famous deaf-mute artist of this city, has received an order to paint the figures in the dome of the Washington Theatre. This job is worth $4,000. Mr. Tresch is getting up in the *N. Y. World*, and soon will be able to knock the stuffings out of those who called green-back mutes."

The house No. 154 Conselyea Street, caught fire at half past nine o'clock on Monday night. Little Lulu S. Bond was the first to inform her father of the fire and also of the arrival of the fire department, and in an excited state the little girl was about to leave the house when her father caught her. The fire was put out before the house, No. 158, in which W. A. Bond resides, was touched by the flames.

The Rome Institution has added eleven new pupils to its rolls this fall, so far. One of these is a Mr. Sheriff, formerly a pupil of the Missouri Institution, who, having come into the possession of considerable property in New York State, has decided to complete his education at Rome. The attendance is expected to reach one hundred and seventy-five this year. The ou look for the future is very encouraging. Very few additions have been made either in the buildings or in the staff of officers and teachers.

Our friend, Mr. N. Denton, suffers the severest bereavement that can fall upon man, the death of his good wife, which occurred yesterday. Mrs. Denton had not been in good health for many years, and on that account spent last winter in Rochester. They have made Geneva their home for about thi ty-five years. But their daughters blessed their union, both now married and residing in Rochester. Mrs. Denton's age was about 72 years. The funeral will be held from her late home on Main street, to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon at half-past 3 o'clock.—*Geneva, N. Y., Advertiser, Sept.* 21.

A BROOKLYN GIRL'S DEBUT.

MISS LENORE TIFFT SCORES A MARKED SUCCESS AT PIACENZA, ITALY.

PIACENZA, ITALY, Sept. 5.—Tumultuous applause and a perfect avalanche of flowers greeted Miss Lenore Tifft, the accomplished Brooklyn young lady, who made her debut here in "Lucia" August 2nd last. The fair debutante scored a pronounced success. She has been abroad studying for the past three years, and the artistic cleverness and perfect familiarity with the stage business, which she displayed prove conclusively that her labors have not been in vain. The tuneful little opera has been in rehearsal some time past under the leadership of the impresario, Sig. Vecchi. The people hereabouts are very fond of Donizetti's music, and this is why Vecchi selected this opera for his American prima donna.

Mlle. Tifft's first aria "Regnava nel Silenzio" was probably her best effort, and was loudly applauded. Her duet, "Se Tradirmi Tu Potrai," with the baritone, and the rondo at the end of the act showed her versatility, but when she finished with E in alt, the audience went wild with enthusiasm. Again and again was she called before the curtain. Every one, critics and all, said this was a wonderful bit of singing. It was feared that her timidity at her first appearance, coupled with the tremendous outburst of enthusiasm, would unnerve the young lady. Such was not the case, however. The sextet at the end of the second act—one of the most difficult in concerted music, because of so many voices—went very smoothly, and had to be repeated. The fair debutante seemed to have gained the warm commendation of her auditors, and her every effort was applauded.

Miss Tifft was given an opportunity in the mad scene to display her abilities as an actress, which she did in a most creditable manner. Miss Tifft is scarcely twenty years old, and quite beautiful. Her ability is conceded by all. She vocalizes well, phrases correctly and, taken all in all, is a gain to the lyric stage. Sig. Vecchio deserves much credit for the careful training of the company. At the conclusion of the performance Miss Tifft was surrounded by her many friends and admirers, and warmly congratulated by all. The young debutante is a granddaughter of Mrs. Dr. E. M. Gray, of No. 1144 Fulton street, Brooklyn.—*N. Y. World.*

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Beginning of the Term.

THE CLASS OF '91.

Brevities.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

The twenty-second year of the history of the College has begun, and Kendall Green, which, during the long vacation, was so silent and deserted, has regained its customary appearance of life and activity. All through the past week students have been arriving until at this writing nearly every familiar countenance is in its accustomed place in the recitation room and hall—with the important exception of the members of the class of '86, who have said good-bye to college life forever, and are now busy over problems very different from those of Loomis and Olney, which harassed them in their undergraduate days. Mr. Hanson is now in the architect's office of Hodgson & Sons, at Omaha, Neb., Mr. Cloud is supervisor at the Illinois Institution, and Mr. Adams is holding a position in the Smithsonian Institute in this city. Of the other four members of the class we have been able to learn nothing, but we hope that we will at an early date have the pleasure of chronicling their success in securing positions of trust and responsibility.

Although the class of '86 was an unusually large one, there is no sensible diminution in the number of students this year. There were fourteen applicants for admission to the introductory class at the entrance examinations. Of these, Messrs. Mattox, of Indiana, Mr. Dimick, of Wisconsin, E. Long and Beadell, of Iowa, and Neillie, of Pennsylvania, were admitted to the introductory class, the other eight entering the high class of the Kendall School. Including the members of the high class, who were admitted last June, the introductory class contains fourteen students. The class is quite the equal of any admitted for the last five years, and will probably "do itself proud."

The most important change which greets the returning student is the new laboratory building, which is rapidly approaching completion. The bricklayers are at work on the fourth story, and the building will probably be completed before December first. As well as can be judged in its present incomplete state, the building is a really fine one and exceedingly well adapted to the purposes for which it is intended. An extended description of the building will be given when it is completed.

On Friday afternoon, the reading room was re-organized with the following committee: E. P. Cleary, '87, Chairman; H. Van Allen, '89, Secretary; H. Gross, '88, Treasurer; C. Charles, '89, Librarian; G. McCarthy, '87 and Isaac Goldberg, '88. Quite a large balance remains from last year's account, and the reading room will, this year, be equal if not superior to last year in the variety and excellence of the papers on file.

During the vacation, a large brass tablet has been placed in the hall leading from the chapel to the Kendall School refectory, bearing the following inscription: "This building, the foundations of which were laid in the year of our Lord, 1867, was completed in 1870, in pursuance of appropriations made by Congress. Officers of the Institution:—Patron, U. S. Grant, President of the United States; President, E. M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D.; Secretary, Wm. Stickney; Treasurer, G. W. Riggs; Directors, Hon. Jas. W. Patterson, N. H.; Hon. Rufus Spalding, Ohio; Hon. Nathaniel Boyden, N. C., Hon. Henry L. Davies, Mass.; Hon. Wm. H. Kesley, N. Y.; Hon. Amos Kendall, B. B. French, Rev. Bryon Sunderland, Jas. C. McGuire, David A. Hill, H. D. Cooke, D. C."

That time-honored institution, the H. O. S. S, enters upon the twenty-second year of its existence with the following Board of Officers:—Grand Mogul, E. P. Cleary, '87; First Consul, J. E. Standacher, '88; Second Consul, C. Charles, '89; Grand Scribe, I. Goldberg, '88; Skrifvar, J. S. Long, '89; Lictors, L. James, '89, and C. Hemstreet, '89; Stor-Marskalk, C. L. Washburn, '90; Grand Donnerkeil, H. Van Allen, '89; Herald, H. Gross, '88; Cerberus, J. A. Boland, '88. The H. O. S. S. has been in a most flourishing condition for the last few years, and bids fair to continue its career of usefulness and benevolence as long as the College exists. It is hoped that the class of '91 will exhibit the same spirit which animated its predecessors and join the order in a body.

The Literary Society at a meeting held on Friday evening admitted seven new members. Some misunderstanding about the hour of meeting caused the absence of several other new students who desired to join the society. Last year the membership included every man in college with one exception, and it is to be expected that the membership will be as large this year. The election of officers for the present term will take place on Saturday next.

BREVITIES.

Cleary, '87, is usher of the Primary Department for this term.

The stone wall along the Boundary Street front of the Green has been extended to a point a little east of the Institution building.

Gerald McCarthy, '87, is said to be thinking of purchasing a bicycle. Evidently his narrow escape from drowning last summer has nowise lessened his daring.

Lawn tennis bids fair to be the favorite pastime on the Green. We have no material for a foot ball team to speak of, and are not much better off in the way of a base ball nine. However, we probably can get together a club that will be able to hold its own against the nines of the Washington and Episcopal High Schools.

Although not one of the juniors is a base ball player, they are very oracles on the subject of the "national game." It is said that one of them having come across the name *Shakespeare*, said, musingly, "Er-Er-Lemme see. Wasn't Shakespeare the pitcher of the Chicagos in '79?" We do not vouch for the story, but give it for what it is worth.

A new boiler, twelve feet long and three and a half feet in diameter, is being put into the furnace in the basement of the college building. It will have considerable more fire surface than the two small boilers which formerly supplied steam to the building. The more sanguine of the students expect to be able to dispense with overcoats during study hours this winter.

McCarthy, '87, succeeds Hanson, '86, as meteorological observer.

All of the ducks succeeded in passing the examinations conducted by the seniors on Thursday evening. They passed in—which was all that was wanted of them.

VAN.

KENDALL GREEN, Sept. 28, '86.

Reply to "Quimby."

"The most absurd and nonsenical article that has ever appeared in the JOURNAL was that from Mr. Douglas Tilden. Take his argument at its entirety and see what it leads to. Suppose the great Gallaudets, Peets, Storrs, etc., were shoemakers, carpenters and the like, with Mr. Douglas Tilden, or other small spirited deaf-mutes working with them, would their possession of hearing (whose?) give them (whom?) better wages than deaf-mutes when their work (whose?) is equally as good? Of course not. Why then make such a discrimination in the profession of teaching?—"*Quimby," in the* DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, *of September 9th.*

To make Quimby's hypothesis fit my argument, it should have been stated thus:

Suppose the Gallaudets, Peets and Storrs are first class shoemakers, and that the deaf-mutes have the commendable ambition of following the same calling. Suppose, also, that, at the same time, those deaf-mutes, *as a rule*, have hands of such an abnormal cast that it is of utmost difficulty for them to master the trade, and that so notorious is the fact that the shoe manufacturers naturally believe, till they have reason to think otherwise, that *all* deaf-mutes, in consequence, cannot make even stitches or drive a peg clear home. Now, suppose a deaf-mute applies for work as a shoemaker and is taken. Does the foreman, not knowing him by reputation, at once give him the same wages as those finished workmen, Gallaudets, Peets and Storrs? When? *When that deaf-mute gives evidence of being an exception to the rule that affects the right of deaf-mutes to first class journeymen's wages and of being as good a workman as Gallaudet.*

"His efforts (Mr. Tilden's) to prove that deaf-mutes get poorly paid just because they are deaf-mutes, is nothing more than an effort to prove what every body knows."

Quimby has either misunderstood me, or I must not have been happy enough in the selection of words intended to convey an entirely different meaning. What I meant and now want to say, is that *no superintendent living ever made a discrimination in the salary of a deaf teacher, simply because that teacher is a person minus hearing, but because he has those peculiar qualities included under the name of deaf-mutism, imposed on him by his being a deaf-mute.* Deaf-mutism means intellectual backwardness, stolidity, unprogressiveness, want of strong reflective powers, want of talent or a just appreciation of it whenever there is any, and a suspicious and hanging-on disposition. A person may be deaf and yet possess none of the above qualities. The farther a deaf-mute is removed from that *peculiarly deaf-mute*, he attains the more to the ideal represented by the Gallaudets and others. Drs. Gallaudet and Peet are certainly neither stolid nor unprogressive. Neither is Prof. Geo. Wing, nor are White, Veditz, Grady, and some other young men whom I met at the convention, and from whom we will hear within ten years.

Lest I am again not intelligible enough, I subjoin the following illustration.

An ass is a slow runner, not because he is a *equus asinum*, but because of the qualities imposed on him by his being an *ass*. It is within his power to try and run faster than he is accustomed to. If, by strenuous efforts, he develops a remarkable speed, he attains the more to the ideal represented by a horse. If, thanks to wonderful talent, he becomes a Maud S., it does not take only a Bonner or Higgins to see that. If, however, he insists on being still an ass, he has no right, under the idea that he is a "high-spirited" animal, to complain of the thistles or bray forth his misfortune, even if, over the fence, the knee-knock, spavined, windbroken, and damned imposture of a horse is filling itself with blue grass alongside of a track runner. If he wants to go over the fence on the plea that an ass is as good as a cast off horse, he disgraces the whole horse tribe.

If Quimby thinks he is as good as Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Gillett would have known it first. If he is, indeed, a Gallaudet, he would not have written to the JOURNAL a letter, the distinguishing characteristics of which are poor grammar and poorer logic, to say nothing of a want of courtesy.

DOUGLAS TILDEN, *California.*

Australia.

(*From the Adelaide South Australian.*)

A meeting of the committee of the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institution was held at the office of the Hon. John Colton, M.P., (in the chair), Sir William Milnes, Hon. H. Scott, M.L.C., Messrs. E. T. Smith, M.P., W. Kay, J. Fisher, J. Hodgkiss, James Scott, J. H. Angas, G. W. Hawkes, S.M., and the Secretary (Mr. Roffe Searcy). A letter was read from J. F. Conigrave (secretary to the promoters of the Adelaide Jubilee International Exhibition, 1887), asking the co-operation of the committee of the institution in forwarding to the Exhibition any exhibits illustrative of the work carried on in that institution. It was resolved, on the motion of the Hon. H. Scott, seconded by Mr. J. H. Angas—"That the request be granted, and that the Chairman and Treasurer be a subcommittee to confer with the Chairman of the Industrial School for the Blind, North Adelaide, on the subject." It was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. J. H. Angas, seconded by Mr. James Scott—"That Miss Todd be engaged for twelve months to instruct the deaf-mute pupils in drawing." The superintendent having applied to the committee to appoint a second youth as pupil teacher to enable him to devote more time to articulation and lip-reading, it was unanimously resolved on the proposition of Mr. J. Fisher, seconded by Mr. J. H. Angas, that Master Arthur Cox (whom the superintendent strongly recommended for the position) be engaged on probation for six months. Permission was given to the superintendent to write to Professor Currier (Teacher of Articulation in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb) to enquire the cost of an ear-tube which the professor has recently invented, which will enable the voice to penetrate a greater degree of deafness than any other instrument hitherto produced. Mr. G. W. Hawkes reported that, accompanied by Mrs. Hawkes, he had visited the institution on Wednesday last, when they were much pleased with the order that prevailed, the apparent happiness of the children, the cheerful aspect of the establishment, and the perfect cleanliness of the house, and that the visit was very satisfactory. A report of the third meeting of the ladies' committee, held on May 25th (when there were present Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Sauerbier and Mrs. Townsend), was received and read. The tenders received for the completion of the building of the Anderson wing, as more accommodation is urgently required, were next considered. Twenty tenders were sent in, when that of Mr. Theodore Hack, who contracted to carry out the works as per plans and specification for £1,493, being the lowest was accepted. The treasurer reported since the last meeting the sum of £67 12s. 3d. had been received as subscriptions and donations, and £33 on account of maintenance of some of the inmates. The superintendent has received during the past two months the following gifts for the inmates viz:—11 charts from Brighton Church of England Sunday-school scholars, 2 cases of apples from Mr. R. Vickers, 1 carpet, 1 rug and 1 easy chair from Mrs. Kay, 1 easy chair from Mrs. Everard, a foot-ball from Hon. John Colton, 10 dozen buns from Mr. R. L. Massey, 1 bag of feathers from Mrs. Cleland, 4 women's jackets, 5 pairs of mittens, and a quantity of pieces for patchwork from Mrs. Mowat, and 25 fruit-trees from Messrs. E. & W. Hackett. The superintendent further reported that he had had the hearty co-operation of the assistants and domestics, and that the behavior of the inmates was good. The bank balance was £214 12s. 7d. to the credit of the current account. Accounts passed for payment amounted to £120 3s. 5d., in which is included the cost of maintenance of nine persons (seven male and two female) who are at present in the Industrial School for the Blind, North Adelaide where they are being instructed in brush and basket-making, etc. Other business of a formal nature was disposed of, and the committee adjourned.

BROOKLYN ITEMS.

Alexander Dezendorf was elected as Secretary of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes last week.

Deaf-Mutes please notice in the change made in the Directory of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes.

James Ryer becomes a member of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, and other mutes are talking about joining that society.

Mr. Bob Rusk has opened a little shop for mending old shoes, in 60 Canton St., Brooklyn.

Born.

To the wife of Prof. Henry C. White, of Salt Lake City, on September 15th, 1886, was born a daughter. Mother and child doing well.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES.

Mrs. Sarah Corwin is not enjoying good health at present. We hope she may soon be well. Mrs. Corwin is one of our best teachers for the deaf.

R. Girard and G. F. Dutot are making lounge frames, and have a good job with steady work. They work in the Stechhand Lounge Factory, on Alabama and Ft. Wayne Streets.

Charles Jackson has taken a contract to turn 50,000 small rolling pins. He says it is a big job, and lots of money in it. He ought to buy a box of cigars, and "set 'em up."

Theodore Michael has taken a trip to the country, to hunt squirrels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hesse say raising chickens don't pay.

Hiram Liggerman owns three fine horses.

Mr. Robert Lee says canvassing is a good business, and there is money in it when it is managed right.

Charles Dantzer is visiting his friends in the city. He is a good fellow.

Chas. Willits says he has all the work he can do from now until the Holidays. Charley is a cooper.

Nellie Given has just returned from the country, where she has been visiting friends.

Geo. Dutot has a very sore finger, which is keeping him from work. He receives full pay from the Knights of Labor while unable to work.

Miss Kurtz has a pet dove, that is so tame it will eat from her hand. She prizes it highly.

Miss Alfa Robertson informs us that her class has been going to school for three years.

Chas. Steinwenter says he is so busy that he is kept at his desk writing deeds until 10 o'clock every night in the week.

Mr. Johannes, the deaf-mute shoemaker, says business is very good at his shop.

Charley Starr and Miss Michael are talking some of going to the Northern Lakes for pickerel this coming winter. They will fish through the ice, and expect to bring home loads of fish.

Miss E. B. Lowe is not pleased with her new class, but she thinks that by hard work she may bring it up to the average by the next vacation. It is a newly-formed class.

Some of the pupils are becoming experts in the use of slang. It is a mystery to the teachers and others where they learn to use slang. It is a bad practice, and very vulgar. We hope they will give it up.

KICKAPOO.

J. F. Donnelly and Catholics.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the JOURNAL of the 23d of September I see a short article from the pen of J. F. Donnelly, President of the St. Joseph Catholic Union. He says that the *Brooklyn Society* has been doing an ungrateful thing by trying to fool hall owners. I am a member of that society, and speak individually. I wish to remind Mr. Donnelly that the *Brooklyn Society* has nothing whatever to do with the matter he states, and moreover, the *Brooklyn Society* would not condescend to alter its *name* in order to obtain a hall. The *Brooklyn Society* would not do anything to change its nature and object into a *religious* Catholic society, though it has some members who are Catholics. In the future, if Mr. Donnelly wants to upbraid the Brooklyn Society, he had better be sure it is the *society* and not *individual members*, who are running against decency and honesty.

I do not desire to court a dispute with any person as to the doings of any one, *individually*, but when the Brooklyn *Society* is assailed with theory and unfounded facts, I want to protect the name of that society, of which I happen to be a member.

Another word for Mr. Donnelly's edification, is that any number of individuals can form themselves into a temporary society; give it a name and hold a ball if they so desire, and any attempt on the part of others to defame or wilfully misrepresent them is liable to cost dearly.

I hope in the future that every one will be more sure to handle the Brooklyn *Society* with facts, and not abuse it falsely because an *individual* member or members have done some unpleasant things at their *own* sweet will, and which the *Society* does not suggest, approve, second or adopt in open meetings.

Yours as ever,
W. A. BOND.

The Noise of New York.

There is probably more noise in New York City to the square inch than in any other city on the face of the globe, which accounts for the great amount of semi-deafness that prevails. Ask a New Yorker a question, with perhaps the single exception of "What'll you take?" and he almost invariably responds with an interrogative "Hey?" "How's that?" or some other form to induce you to repeat your question. This does not arise altogether from pre-occupation of mind, superinduced by a multitude of calls on the attention, or from an indolent mental condition; it is semi-deafness. The universal hubbub in the city has a most malign influence upon the brain and nervous system calculated to produce numerous disorders, deafness among the rest. In fact, the celebrated Dr. Hammond says there is more deafness in New York than in any other city he has ever seen. In New York there is no escaping from the noise. With the maddening elevated railroad splitting the city and your ears, and three or four different lines through the whole length of the city, with the universal street cars, trucks, brewery wagons, steam whistles, and the thousand other noise producers out of doors, and the crowded, noisy population, with their pianos and their lungs indoors, there is absolutely no escape, no place where the ears and nerves can get repose. The question of noise is a very serious one, and should be looked into by our men of science, and should be legislated for by our city rulers, or it will turn New York into a madhouse.—*Texas Siftings.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK

FIRE in a second-story room of the Yale Medical College building at New Haven, Sunday afternoon, did damage to the amount of $1,500.

RIOTING was renewed in Belfast last Sunday morning. The officers fired on the mob and fatally wounded one man. Twelve constables were seriously wounded with stones.

TEXAS fever, which is making great havoc with the cattle out West, is the subject of much discussion by stock and ranch men. Measures are being taken to prevent the spread of the plague.

AN anonymous letter has been received by a London newspaper alleging that a Fenian plot has been formed to burn the town of Hull. The fires were to be set in twenty different places.

A RUSSIAN paper complains bitterly that not a single Russian received an honorary degree at the recent Heidelburg Jubilee, while at the recent fiftieth centenary of the Russian University at Kiew seventeen Germans received degrees.

A new cemetery for Paris is being laid out in Aubervilliers. It will accommodate 150,000 bodies, and will contain no religious edifices of any kind. Its appearance will be park-like, like that of the most famous English and American cemeteries.

CHOLERA is spreading in the southern part of Europe. A London Merchant died at Pesth, of cholera, three hours after his arrival at that place. Sunday's cholera returns are as follows: Trieste, 5 new cases, 1 death; Pesth, 44 new cases, 15 deaths; Italy, 32 new cases, 13 deaths. Cholera has appeared in Sardinia.

THE engine attached to the Baltimore and Ohio train from New York, due at Baltimore at 8:30 Monday night, burst her boiler about a mile outside the city limits. The engine was completely wrecked, and the baggage and smoking cars telescoped. The fireman was scalded fatally, and the engineer was badly injured. Two passengers were slightly hurt.

AN interesting electrical display was witnessed at Waupaca, Wis., during a severe thunder-storm on the 27th inst. The electric-light wires which run along Main Street were so heavily charged with electricity that large balls of fire were seen hanging or suspended in the air just below them. Occasionally one would explode and a number of persons in the vicinity received severe shocks.

THE lockout in Albany is partically ended. In accordance with resolutions passed on Saturday evening by the Master Builders' Exchange, all the shops were opened this morning and work resumed on the contracts that have been lying idle, pending a solution of the difficulties. The employers will claim the privilege of employing whom they please without regard to the union, but it is extremely doubtful if any non-union men will be permitted to have employment.

THE President will not issue invitations on behalf of this Government to French citizens asking their attendance at the inaugural ceremonies of the Statue of Liberty to take place in New York in October. The invitations to citizens of France will be extended in the name and by the direction of the American Committee, under whose control the pedestal has been erected and the statue placed in position. These invitations will be presented in France through United States Minister McLane. The President will give the American Committee all the aid possible to make the inauguration impressive and successful, but will keep within the law upon the subject as passed by Congress, which makes no mention of invitations to any one.

A GENTLEMAN who held a high position under President Arthur's administration, and who recently visited him at New London, says that while there is nothing in his condition to excite immediate apprehension, the fact is well known to his friends, and better known to himself than to any one, that he is suffering from a disease of the kidneys from which he does not expect to recover. The progress of the disease has probably been somewhat stayed by medical treatment and careful nursing, but there is only one result that is expected or can be expected, and that result Gen. Arthur awaits with resignation. The gentleman says that those who are most in the confidence of his physician do not think that the ex-President can long survive. It is quite certain that he has not been as much benefited by his visit to New London as had been hoped.

Death of John McGill.

We regret to learn that Mr. John McGill died on the 13th of September at Los Angeles, California, in the sixty-second year of his age. For some years, Mr. McGill has been a great sufferer from nasal catarrh and consumption, and failing to obtain relief in the eastern states, went as a last resonce to Los Angeles, where the climate is so favorable for consumptives and invalids. He felt much relief as soon as he got there, and began to improve. He remained nearly three months with his old friend, Mr. Thos. Widd. His catarrh was cured, but his constitution was very much weakened, and the doctor who examined him, foun dhe was simply thoroughly worn out, and that his only hope was for temporary relief by the climate and medicine which would make his end easier. He felt no pain, but more and more feeble during the few days previous to his decease, and at last peacefully and without pain, died in the arms of his friend. His last request was to be buried in the beautiful cemetery near where he died, and to have put on his tombstone the word

"EPHPHATHA!"

His funeral took place on the 14th of September, and was attended by several deaf mutes and a number of christian friends.

POSTPONEMENT.

It has been found that St. Ann's Church cannot be re opened for Divine service till October 10th. The 34th anniversary will be observed on that day. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at the service for deaf-mutes at 2:45 P.M.

NOTICE.

The Third Conference of Church Workers among the Deaf will meet at St. James' Church, Chicago, from October 24th to 31st.

A. W. MANN,
Local Committee.

NEW YORK.

Jolly "Comps."

W. H. ROSE WINS A ONE MILE RACE.

Affairs of the Societies.

HERE ROUND ABOUT.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The Printers' Benevolent Association is an organization composed of printers, and presumably, an adjunct of Typographical Union No. 6, its members being made up wholly of Union men, among whom are numbered some of the most expert compositors to be found in the city. Its object is the temporal welfare of the members, as also the promoting of a friendly interest among the defenders of the "Art Preservative," and though it boasts of no mute on the membership roll, still the members are well known to many of the silent "comps" hereabouts, and there can be little doubt that before another year comes round, several of these latter will have passed the ordeal of becoming initiated.

This association has for the past six seasons held a picnic, at which athletic contests have formed a prominent part, and it would seem that printers in general, are, in some instances, as nimble with their legs as they are in picking the type with a steady click.

It was Saturday last, the 25th inst., that the Sixth Annual Picnic took place in Harlem River Park, the games partaking of running and walking races, as also a voting contest for the most popular printer belonging to "Big Six." Of the races, there were seven in number, two being set aside for competition between members of the Typographical Union, and for the first time in the history of the Association, a silent "comp" made his appearance, did credit to himself, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and the office he represented (*The Spirit of the Times*) by carrying off first prize, a handsome gold medal, in the one mile race, finishing in 5:45 almost a lap ahead of his competitors, and well able to run the same distance again in faster time. The second man was John O'Brien, who won a silk hat presented by the South Norwalk Hat Company. In the 220 yards run the latter also came in second, a Mr. Kerwin coming in first, but the silent "comp," Mr. W. H. Rose would have won the last race also, had he not made a bad start, which was due to his being unable to hear the report of the starter's pistol. Still he finished the mile run in excellent style, making a splendid spurt on the last lap, which perfectly astonished all who witnessed it. His style of running is extremely graceful, and he now boasts of three medals, a gold one won at the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union games three years ago, and a silver one at the Brooklyn Society's picnic two years ago.

Among the other mute typos present were Pat. Campbell, Billy Temple, Johnny Lloyd, and "Snooks." Their enjoyment of the games, the victory of Rose, the picnic and the admiring glances of the pretty girls present, is hard to explain, but they enjoyed themselves immensely, if we are to believe the report of a Gallaudet Club member, of the glowing and tragic account given by "Snooks" who left the Park at 8 P.M. and bounded into the club room as if he was shot from a catapult. It was our intention to give fuller details, but in consequence of our regard for "Snooks" we "draw a veil" over a highly enjoyable afternoon and evening's amusement with all praise for viscount W. H. Rose, and trust to see him head the list in the games at the Association's next Annual.

It may not be amiss to say here that Typographical Union No. 6, has on its roll seven or more mute compositors, namely, Messrs. O'Brien, Donnelly, Capelli, Lloyd, Rose, Fosmire, Hogan, Campbell and Temple, who are all, excepting the two last named, graduates of the New York Inst., have all most remunerative positions, which well proves that a good instructor in the industrial department of our Institution sends forth articles that are a credit to the institution, and reflects the highest praise on the instructor in question. Time will show the good work being done in the N. Y. Institution Printing Office. Messrs. Campbell and Temple acquired their knowledge of the "Art" in the Old Country, and are first class workmen.

Since last week, it has been learned that the hall secured by the Gallaudet Club for their coming ball is the scene of the late National Convention—Lyric Hall, and at present everything indicates a most enjoyable time. The Committee in charge have already started in for business, and by the time the date comes around will have lost all resemblance of their present appearance.

At the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union meeting last Thursday, their coming reception was discussed, and Messrs. O'Brien, Ennis and Tresch, appointed a committee of arrangements. It will be the Union's Fifth Annual, not Sixth Annual as stated last week, and promises to eclipse anything presented heretofore.

The St. Joseph's Union have also appointed their committee, who are taking things easy for the present. A lecture by Prof. Fox is down for October 22d, which takes place at the rooms of the Union, Sidney Place and Livingston Street, Brooklyn, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to be present. The subject, "Mysteries of Sleep," as discussed in Professor Fox's style, will prove highly interesting, as all his lectures generally are, they being original in his hands, and always instructive to those who witness them.

Comments have been freely expressed since the article referring to the so called workings of the committee appointed by the Brooklyn Society was disclosed. The general expression is that if they have thus acted in hopes of furthering the interests of the affair by a change of name of their organization, they have made a grave mistake, as few right-minded mutes would care about entering into the enjoyment of any entertainment gotten up in this way, and although the effect of the act may not be felt for some time to come, they will find it out on the evening in question, that (if true) their very disgraceful proceeding was not appreciated.

Dot German Club, so it is said on good authority, found the carrying out of a picnic more troublesome than they anticipated, and we find the members for the present at loggerheads with good prospects of additions from that quarter to several of our other societies. In plains words, they have done gone and "busted." Next?

From Chairman Ennis, of Committee of Debates and Lectures, of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, is gleaned the fact that the first debate of the season will take place the second Thursday in October, that the question is, "Are women more revengeful than men?" and the contestants, Messrs. Leonard and O'Brien, for the affirmative, and Messrs. Heydon and Donnelly for the negative side. We hope next week to have further particulars regarding some.

HERE AND ROUNDABOUT.

Mr. J. F. J. Tresch, artist, figured as claimant in a suit for the payment on work he had done for a defunct society paper, in one of our courts last week. The decision of the Judge before whom it was taken was reserved, until it could be definitely ascertained if the defendant was responsible, or it was for the company, of which he was a member, to make good the amount due Artist Tresch. It is rumored that at the conclusion of this suit, Mr. Tresch has still five others to begin against as many different parties.

The bad weather of Sunday prevented several from attending the meeting of the Newark Sunday School Class, of which Mr. Daniel Ward is the prominent light.

Mr. C. R. Thomson has apparently struck a vein of good luck. In addition to the amount received last week, he has since been the recipient of $200 from R. Dunlap & Co., Hatters, and $100 from W. H. Dunlap (brothers of John Dunlap), making in all $500 he has received for the Mortgage Fund of the Home within the past two weeks.

On Sunday evening last, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rascoll was baptized and named Henry, at their home by Rev. Anson T. Colt. After the ceremony the time was passed in a social way, and among those present were Mr. Kircher and Miss Allard, Messrs. Ross, Chinery and several others.

The service held at the church, corner of 20th Street and Sixth Avenue, was largely attended last Sunday, among the audience being out-of-towners. One of the features of a constant attendant here is that he generally drops in immediately after the contribution box has been passed around, but being a "dude" will assert the saying he has very little to spare towards charity after deducting his tailor's bill.

That good times are coming was proved by the happy smile on the good humored face of our friend Edmund A. Barry, who with Mrs. B., and the baby, "a veritable chip of the old block," we had the pleasure of meeting while going across town not long since. Ed has secured a good position with Hanna & Son, shoe manufacturers, and there is not to be found a happier nor jollier couple than him and his most estimable wife in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap returned to Brooklyn last week, after a most enjoyable sojourn of several weeks in the country.

Tommy Donnelly, a brother of mute J. H. D., is the happy and enterprising owner of a 2:40 piece of horse-flesh, a bran new milk wagon, and with his bright and jolly light face to help him, has secured one of the best milk routes on Brooklyn Heights. The girls who wake up before 5 A.M., declares he's a "Darlint."

The Sunday instruction services given by Father Freeman are getting to be extremely interesting. At the services Sunday last, there were thirty mutes present, and the outlook for a large addition to the audience in the near future is very promising. All catholic mutes should attend these instructive services, as they will be well repaid for coming by Father Freeman's most interesting discourses.

Ike Soper, with the addition of a cane, and Miss "Rebecca at the Well," were promenading on Sixth Avenue Sunday afternoon, searching for the business house of Tigg, Snooks & Co. Did they get there?

Miss Katie Shute, one of Brooklyn's most admirable misses, has gone for a two weeks' stay in some quiet nook among country fields, and expects to return with roses on her cheeks that will outdo any to be found on the cheeks of the young misses who attend the Gallaudet Ball.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Kansas.

DEAF MUTES.

It is thought that are seven hundred thousand deaf-mutes in the world. The number in Great Britain is twenty thousand, in this country thirty-five thousand. Their instruction involves peculiar difficulties, but without it they become a heavy public burden.

It is only about seventy years since the first Institution was established for this purpose, and there are now but forty-eight in the United States, a number altogether inadequate. With the present arrangements, the cost of each pupil in two hundred dollars a year, as it includes the expense of boarding them.

Most of this class of pesrons have all the organs of speech, and are mute because they are deaf, either never having learned, or have forgotten how, to use them in spoken language. But it is the minority who are born deaf. Of the three hundred and sixty four graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution, only one hundred and thirty-two were so born, and of the six hundred and sixty-one pupils in the similar institution in Ontario, only two hundred and sixty-two, the others having lost their hearing by fevers, measles and other diseases. It seems, therefore, that the majority of the deaf-mutes become so from preventive causes—preventable if medical attention was earlier called to the condition of the ear.

Formerly deaf-mutes were taught to converse only by manual signs. Latterly it has been found possible to teach them to converse by articulation. This is comparatively easy in the case of those whose deafness came on after they had learned to talk. In others it is more difficult, but it can be done; and even where the ability acquired is not equal to the needs of general intercourse, it is to that of the home.

In the Clinton Street School, Philadelphia, articulation alone is taught, and the more advanced pupils there compare in some branches with other children of the same age, whose senses are perfect. It is doubtless, on the whole, best to learn both articulation and the sign manual.

Prof. Graham Bell thinks that deaf-mutes ought not to marry, but careful investigation does not confirm the idea on which he bases his belief. The Superintendent of the Ontario Institution has been unable to learn of a single deaf-mute born of deaf-mute parents; while, of all who have intermarried, he has not found one who has given birth to a deaf mute child. —*Abilene (Kansas) Gazette.*

We have had abundance of rain, and farmers are happy again over the prospects of good crops; or so we judge from the amount of corn that is bought at this place. There are three energetic men engaged buying corn at present, paying the highest prices. Also a great deal of stock, bought and shipped from this place, it being one among the best shipping points on the Union Pacific Railroad, from the fact that the water facilities are such that stock can be kept from famishing, no matter how hot the weather, with but little expense. This town affords plenty of running water, also numbers of good wells, almost overflowing with cool, sparkling water, which every one who has the pleasure of testing boasts of. We have six dry goods stores, three hardwares stores, three drug stores, three elevators, four hotels just completed, which will be occupied this week by parties from Georgia. A large bank ready for occupany; also an ice-cream parlor and billiard halls all doing a good business.

On Thursday evening last, while the eldest semi-mute daughter of J. H. Harper, living five miles north of Hays City, was riding a spirited horse, she was thrown off backward and and nearly killed. She struck on her face and side. She bled profusely all night, her head swelling terribly. Her wounds were dressed, and at last accounts she was much better.

On Monday last, while Mr. "Spoony" was driving up to the city from Lincoln, the reins broke, the team running away. Those in the carriage jumped out in time to escape unhurt. Another buggy was hitched on behind. Both rigs were smashed to flinders.

A basket picnic will be held at Nilesville, Kansas, on the 13th inst., to which every body is invited. Good music will be furnished by the band. Dancing and other amusements will be indulged in. A good time is promised all who attend.

A deaf and dumb farmer cured a balky horse in the following manner: He drove him, attached to a rack wagon to the wood lot, for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree and let him stand. He went to the lot at sun-set, and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn, he would take that load of wood, I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start to the house, he started after me with the load

It's funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her neighbor at the table, with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor, and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

Jacob Troust, one of our industrious deaf-mute farmers, living several miles north of Solomon City, appeared in our sanctum yesterday groaning under the weight of a watermelon, weighing thirty-nine and a half pounds, for which we are under obligations to him. Mr. Troust has one hundred and thirteen vines, off which he has raised eight hundred melons.

Mr. "Spoony" returned home Friday from an extended trip in eastern Kansas and Missouri, which he has thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. "Spoony" says the drouth in Missouri has been protracted, and has done much damage to the crops.

A semi-mute farmer, named George Cady, living near Minneapolis, Kan., was fatally gored by an infuriated bull. The bull was driven off his prostrate body by a herd of horses, attracted by his cries for help.

Arville, a deaf and dumb woman, living at Monteyer, Kan., went into her garden the other afternoon to gather flowers. A honey bee lighted on her head and stung her. She was at once taken ill from the effects of the poison, and died in twenty minutes.

Richard Luckan is the name of a Hays City mute blacksmith, who is said to be the strongest man in the state. He is six feet and ten inches tall, and can hold a one hundred and twenty pound anvil in one hand. Sometimes for pleasure he holds out cart wheels by the spoke, or snaps chains that horses cannot break. He is much respected in the community in which he lives.

Home is not merely a pen for humanity, where only to eat, drink, and sleep. No matter how humble; a halo of pleasant associations is indispensable. Where courtesy, charity, cheerfulness, and the love one for another are allowed not only to sprout but to grow, there do we find our miniature heaven, here below. Example is the household's best educator in this respect. As parents live so does the child watch and learn from every motion.

SPOONEY.

Sept. 18, 1886.

BOSTON.

The deaf-mutes of Boston were surprised to see Mrs. Ella R. Allen, *nee* Towle, in their hall last Sunday. Some two years she went to live in Maine, during the absence of her husband at sea. She is now tired of the quiet life in the Pine Tree State, and comes to the "Hub" to revive her drooping spirits, and mingle more freely with her deaf-mute friends. Mrs. G. W. Porter, of South Framingham, has induced her to spend a few weeks with her. Mrs. Allen and Porter were schoolmates at the Northampton School.

Mr. A. W. Orcutt's discourse in the Central Square Baptist Church in Cambridgeport, last Sunday, was quite well attended. The out-of-town mutes in attendance were Messrs. George Tripp, of Maynard, F. H. Williams, of Haverhill, and Frand Delaite, of Franklin Park, and several hearing persons.

A certain Boston mute has become a member of the ——— Life Insurance Company, and is now happy. Three others intend to follow his example.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge, which met in Boston, Wednesday last, was made an occasion of a gathering of the Clans. Lodges of Camp and Canton gathered here to the number of ten thousand. Then advent was made on Monday, the 19th inst., and continued until Wednesday, the 22d inst., on which day they had a grand procession, which was fully two hours passing a given point. They were very neatly uniformed and their marching was said to be a surprise to the militia. The Bunker Hill Encampment had as guests, Lodges from Chicago, Baltimore and Providence. Monday afternoon the party took a drive around the suburbs, and in the evening a banquet was given at Monument Hall. Tuesday morning they took a trip down the Harbor. Friday they made a tour of inspection to the navy yard and Bunker Hill Monument. When one of them happened to see the "Mayflower" talking with his father in our language, he told us that he had two deaf-mute cousins in Illinois. Saturday they made their exit, and now the city has settled down to its usual quiet again. The mutes were glad that the parade was a brilliant and inspiring spectacle to their eyes.

Mrs. Thomas Moodie has returned from Plainville, Conn., where she has been visiting her aged mother and sister the past three weeks. Thomas was very happy to see her. Their baby was the recipient of several pretty presents on the first anniversary of her birthday.

The brother of Mr. A. C. Hargrave will start for Florida in a few days. He will proceed to Charleston, S. C., and look over the city and vicinity, examining the results of the earthquake, and from thence he will go to Jacksonville, Fla., where he has engagements for the winter. He will return home about April 1st. This still induces Mr. Hargrave to go there with his brother.

Mr. Williams, of Charlestown, is suffering from a carbuncle in the right hand. He is not able to follow his business.

The friends of Miss Peterson surprised her at her cottage at Crescent Beach one night last week. They all had a jolly good time.

The Boston *Globe* of Tuesday says: Judge Harmon, of the Lynn Police Court, stopped a fight in Salem depot twice yesterday afternoon. This afternoon one of the men engaged in it was deaf and dumb, and prayed the judge for mercy on a charge of drunkenness, telling the customary "chestnut" about his travels. The judge told a better story than he did, and fined him $11.53.

To-day at the Boston Society, Mr. Fay, of the Hartford School, delivered a fine scriptural and textual discourse from James I., after which a glorious account of his travels to California with a party of teachers was enjoyed by all present.

THE MAYFLOWER.

Sept. 26, '86.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Will some one kindly inform us what has become of "Anti-Rep," of Baltimore? Has his trip to California been so void of interest that he can write nothing about it? We notice that "Anti-Rep's" faber has been given over to desuetude since he boarded the train for California.

Anyway what has become of the correspondent, who was to write up the beauties of California when he came to our Golden State with the Convention? We are about sure that we know, and our knowledge is the result of personal observation.

In the first place, he did not visit our beautiful Yosemite Valley, the fame of whose magnificent scenery it is needless to mention, nor journey down the coast and inhale the perfumery of our orange groves; and, in the second place, he contented himself with San Francisco and an artificial park for scenery. San Francisco, of course, includes Chinatown, and he made sure to see that first of all. Let us hope that his silence on the beauties of California results from his visit to our beautiful "Pig-Tail Town," as he called it. Hoping that this is a correct solution of the mystery, we say no more of him. Let him be a thing of the past.

The Deaf-Mute Branch of the Y. M. C. A. celebrated its third anniversary on the evening of September 11th, by giving a social in the Association Hall. About forty mutes were present, and amused themselves by games and speeches until the members, assisted by their lady friends, invited them to a sumptuous repast of good things, which they had thoughtfully provided for their guests. After supper, the games were resumed, but as the hands of the clock warned the assembled company that Sunday was approaching, they quietly dispersed and returned to their respective homes, most of them a few minutes ahead of Sunday. As a consequence, there were many empty seats at devotional exercises the next morning.

The annual election of officers of the Deaf-Mute Branch will be held at the October meeting, and is predicted by the boys to be quite as exciting as the political nominations now going on in this State.

Mr. Moses Aronson, known among his friends as "Genial Moses," was presented by his wife with a bouncing baby boy, quite recently, and "Mose" now goes about with a broad grin on his face, and talks about putting a hundred dollars in the bank to the credit of his young heir.

J. Sandy Hatton, of Napa, is at present in town, and attended the Anniversary Celebration. Sandy likes the city, and does not care to go home.

Miss May Kiddell, of Sacramento, was at the social.

Ben Wood, of Ventura County, has started for the Coast, and will stop at Montecito for the expressed purpose of visiting the Deaf-Mute colony there.

Bruno Schott, originally from Germany and lately from New York, called at the Branch's rooms a few evenings ago, and created a very good impression. He is a lithographer by trade, and talks very good "United States," in the sign-language, of course, considering the short time he has been in our country. We hope he will make his permanent residence among us.

A person calling himself "Signor Martell," has been around lately. He claims to be a mute from East Tennessee, and spells on his fingers after a certain limited fashion. He is a peddler by vocation, and was soon discovered to be no mute, but the same fraud who, some years ago, applied for admission to the California Institute by spelling out, "I am deef and dum." He was speedily bounced in that and in this instance, and has by this time most probably shaken the dust of San Francisco from his feet.

FRISCO.

From Rev. Job Turner.

CONCORD, VA., Sept, 24, 1886.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I arrived here yesterday evening to pay a very short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, to whom I must say good bye this afternoon, and go south.

They are about sending their oldest son to college for four years. He is a very nice looking fellow.

Last week while he was sitting on the step of a door, a very large dryland moccasin snake crawled under him and then betwixt his legs. He had the presence of mind to put it out of life at once. It was the largest snake that they had seen on this farm.

Mr. C. says he will have a good tobacco crop this fall.

In this neighborhood live Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Johnson, both mutes. They are doing well. Another cherub is expected to enter their family soon. I am sorry not to be able to go and see them this visit.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

CONNECTICUT.

DEATH OF PETER GESILER.

Peter Gesiler, aged forty-six, who graduated at the Hartford School in 1856, died at 12 o'clock last Friday night, of consumption. His demise though expected, was somewhat sudden, inasmuch as he was able to be about Thursday, and up to a late hour in the afternoon he met a number of friends and conversed pleasantly. He ate his supper as usual, but as the hour for retiring arrived he did not appear in his customary spirits. His wife prevailed on him to go to bed, and a few hours afterwards he died. Mr. Gesiler was a glass-cutter, and had worked at his trade at the Wilcox Silver-Plate Company's shop in West Meriden, Ct., for the past twenty years. From the very beginning he had to communicate his ideas by signs, and it was supposed that he was born deaf and dumb. His widow is also a deaf-mute, but the two speaking children that survive have been able to talk from their youthful days. He was a brother of L. Gesiler, the North Colony Street grocer.

Rev. Mr. Watkins, of St. Andrew's Church officiated at the services at the residence, 619 North Colony Street, Sunday afternoon and funeral took place at 2:30 o'clock. The interment was in the West Cemetery. The deceased was a member of the Funeral Aid Society, connected with the shop in which he worked. Nine hacks and and twelve carriages proceeded to the cemetery. Miss Anna M. Stoffel made a splendid boquet of flowers and put them on the casket, and his friends presented many fine branches of flowers to him. Among the sympathetic mutes who attended the funeral were the following: Miss Anna M. Stoffel, of New Haven, Ct., George A. Simpson, of Hartford, William F. Slocum, and Mr. Saleski, of Meriden, Ct.

Miss Mary Mann, for many years a teacher in the Hartford School, has returned home after a visit to her friend, Miss Sarah Storrs, of Longmeadow, Mass. Miss Page, a companion of Miss Storrs, has been at her home in Charleston, N. H., for a visit.

A thorough search of the vicinity of Beacon Falls, Ct., has not resulted in discovery of Ida Baldwin, the deaf-mute and insane girl, who wandered away from her friends a week ago.

The charming daughter of Mr. Jas. Glynn, of Hartford, held a pound party on the 27th inst.

PEN POINT.

HARTFORD, Sept. 27, '86.

AN NOBLE ACT OF HEROISM BY A SEMI-MUTE.

HIS DEATH.

LACKAWAXEN, PA., Sept. 24.—About ten miles from this town, is a prosperous rural district among mountainous regions of this country, and arriving there a few days ago, was a deaf gentleman with a seemingly good and cheerful nature, of the name of William Burge. He was a visitor, and a stranger to the people there, yet he seemed to be somewhat like a sporting man, being an expert at the rod, oars and the rifle, and yesterday morning, he went out boating with a young man and woman on a lake or pond. During this, the young man became so careless as to jump up and down in the boat, upsetting it, and throwing the occupants in the water. This occurred about one half mile from the mainland, and Mr. Burge, seeing that the young man could not swim, helped him over to the overturned boat, still holding the young woman, who by this time had fainted away from fright. He assured the young man that he would return, and save him too, even at the cost of his life, and swam ashore easily with the woman still insensible. After seeing that the woman was safe in the hands of the lookers-on, he returned to the young man, and brought him safely to his friends out of a watery grave, though it was a hard struggle between life and death to him, but yet a noble act of heroism for the saving of the precious lives of a man and woman at the same time. Mr. Burge is a young man, of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and is handsome as well as muscular. It is said that he came from Scranton, Pa.

LATER.—Mr. W. Burge, the hero of the rescue of the lives of two persons this morning from drowning, died at two o'clock this afternoon from exhaustion and a cold, which settled on the stomach. Death was sudden and unexpected.

An old Resident gone.

LAWRENCE, MASS., SEPTEMBER 21.

DEAR EDITOR:—I consider it my duty to inform the readers of the JOURNAL of the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Cyrus Williams, one of the pioneers of Lawrence, father of Mrs. A. F. Finnimore. He died Wednesday evening, September 15th, at six o'clock, at the ripe age of 79, after having been sick extending over a period of three years. The final end was peaceful and calm.

We, all the mutes of this city, beg to tender her and family our heartfelt sympathy. Truly we live in a world where solemn shadows are continually falling upon our path—shadows that teach us the insecurity of all temporal blessings, and warn us that here "there is no abiding stay." We have, however, the blessed satisfaction of knowing that death cannot enter that sphere to which the departed are removed. Let hope and faith, my dear friend, mingle with your natural sorrow. Look to that future where sundered ties of earth are reunited.

Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission.

The Eighth Biennial Convention of our Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission is to be held at Pittsfield, N. H., a delightful and flourishing town, on the 9th and 10th of October, 1886.

Business meeting will be held Saturday, the 9th, at 2:30 P.M. at G. A. R. Hall. Lecture or Social gathering the same evening at the same hall.

The times for holding Sunday Services will be announced Saturday afternoon. No pains will be spared to make this a very pleasant Convention. A suitable and able interpreter will be engaged for the benefit of the hearing people present.

An invitation is very cordially extended to deaf-mutes of other States to make it convenient to contribute to the interest of the exercises. A full attendance is very much desired, and also an election of officers of said society for the ensuing two years will take place at the G. A. R. Hall, Saturday afternoon.

Good board can be had at Washington House, for $1.00 per day. Arrangements have been made with the following Railroads; round trip tickets will be sold to deaf-mutes at stations from which they intend to start for Pittsfield, over the Boston & Lowell, Peterboro' & Hillsboro', Claremont & Concord, Northern and Concord Railroads.

Deaf-mutes intending to attend the Convention must write to Varnum B. Wright, Secretary of said Society, Nashua, N. H., care of Gregg & Son, at least two weeks before the Convention, so that he can ask the general ticket agents of the railroads to send round trip tickets to the same stations from which they intend to start for Pittsfield. Those going over the Cheshire Railroad can get free return tickets from the Secretary at Pittsfield. Cars must be changed at Hooksett, N. H., for Pittsfield at 10:45 A.M. and 5:27 P.M.

Prof. William G. Jenkins, of Hartford, Conn., will act as interpreter.

W. E. WHITE, *President.*
BENINGTON, N. H.
V. B. WRIGHT, *Secretary,*
NASHUA, N. H.

The Nose of the Deaf.

BY THE "JOURNAL" PHILOSOPHER.

It is an undeniable and self-evident fact that the eye of the deaf performs the duties of the ear. Whether the functions of a deaf-mute's nose are enlarged and enhanced by his deafness, is a question for scientists to decide. However, among our somewhat extensive mute acquaintance there are some, of both sexes, whose nasal appendages are extremely queer. They are of an adventurous and Bohemian disposition, and are often found miles away from their natural and proper sphere in life. Under one pretext or another, they may generally found industriously engaged smelling and rooting about the affairs of their neighbors. As a pig in a garden roots up and destroys everything of value, so also do these unruly and misguided noses endeavor to root out the private affairs and personal secrets of their friends and acquaintances. The more decayed and festering the matter overturned, the more delightful to the scent of these nasal hyenas.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Oct. 19.—Detroit.
" 22.—Cleveland, 7:30 P.M.

AT THE CONFERENCE AND MISSION.

" 24.—Chicago, St. James Church, 2:00 P.M.
" 25.—Chicago, Sunday School Room, St. James Church, 7:30 P.M.
" 26.—Chicago, Conference, Sunday School Room, 10 A.M., to 4 P.M.
" 26.—Chicago, Service, Sunday School Room, 8 A.M.
" 27.—Chicago, Conference, Sunday School Room, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.
" 27.—Chicago, Service, Sunday School Room, 8 P.M.
" 28.—Chicago, Conference, Sunday School Room, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.
" 28.—Chicago, Service, Sunday School Room, 8 P.M.
" 29.—Chicago, Service, Sunday School Room, 8 P.M.
" 31.—Chicago, Service in the Church, 2:30 P.M.

NOTE.

Sermons will be preached by the clergy attending the conference—Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, Syle, Koehler and others. The deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity are cordially invited to these services. After the conference, Rev. Mr. Mann's appointments are as follows: November 7th, Cleveland.

Notice to Catholics.

Father Ward and Brother De Sales, both of Brooklyn, would like to have ladies and gentlemen to attend the Sunday School of the St. Joseph's Union, Brooklyn, on the 30th of October at 3 P.M., as it will be Sunday Rosary. Bro. De Sales will teach them the Rosary.

The hooks used by the Haidah Indians for catching black cod are made of the knots of limbs of the hemlock cut from old decayed logs. These knots are split into splints of proper size, then roughly shaped with a knife and then steamed and bent into shape, which shape they retain when cold. It is usual to tie from seventy-five to one hundred hooks to a line, at a distance of about two feet apart, and the fishes are so plentiful that not infrequently every hook will have a fish.

FANWOOD.

For the Charleston Sufferers.

WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

Notes Gathered about the Institution.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Whenever there is anything that appeals to the human sympathy, the employes and pupils of the Institution are very liberal in their giving. Last week Thursday, there was a musical and literary entertainment at the Athenæum on Washington Heights for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers, and the large turnout from this quarter was due, in most part, to the exertions of Matron Susan L. Henry, who raised over forty dollars from the sale of tickets together with voluntary contributions. As the sign representation of Prof. W. G. Jones was to be included on the programme, many of the mutes were present. He recited "Paul's jailer converted," and being followed closely by the English interpretation of Dr. Peet, the audience was enabled to understand plainly the signs as he went along. He was encored, and then he gave the side-splitting story of the "Minister and the Monkey," which was immensely enjoyed. The professor is well known on the Heights, and it is more than once that he has been called upon to entertain people.

As school gets under good headway, the fall election of officers of our literary associations is in order. The leaders are "pulling the wires" already, which tells which way the wind blows. For President of the Fanwood Literary Association, Prof. Thomas F. Fox seems to be the general preference; and as to who will fill the Presidential chair of the Peet Literary Society, John H. Geary has first chance. The elections take place in October, and we hope to find both organizations in full blast this coming winter.

There was quite a lively scene in one of the rooms of the main building last week, and fun was as high as New York rent. It was a private wax works entertainment, participated in by a few of the officers. We would suggest that next time an admission be charged for the benefit of a molasses candy pull when cold weather comes.

Supervisor Howell became a buffalo and joined Company "A" of the Benevolent Order of Buffaloes, which enlivened the "Wild West," at "lovely Erastina," last Friday. They all wore slouch hats and bright red badges, and the fact that the invitation was extended by Buffalo Bill, who is a member of the Association, Supervisor Howell is in a very happy frame of mind.

James H. Caton, the well known blind deaf-mute, returns to school no more, his time being up. It may not be amiss to say that a more wonderful student never graduated. Blind, deaf and dumb, as he is, he has shown more intelligence than the average deaf-mute blessed with sight, and it is to the credit of the Institution here that he is so smart.

Alexander L. Pach made us a call last Friday, and on account of his hurry to catch the early train for Philadelphia it was brief.

Robert H. Grant is working at White Lake, N. Y., as carpenter.

Dr. Del Camp, of Santiago, Chili, S. A., was among our visitors on Wednesday of last week.

Fred R. Loydon and his blushing bride, of Hartford, Conn., visited the class rooms and workshops last week Wednesday. They were accompanied by Miss Taylor, a cousin of Mr. C. Q. Mann, who took great delight in chaperoning them around.

The sanctum of the *Uptown Visitor* was invaded by Messrs. F. W. Baars and Johnny Ingebrand a week ago last Saturday. They are both faithful learners of the "art preservative of arts" here, and it is evident they wanted to improve their time by learning something useful.

Mrs. Henry Kuenemann, better known at Fanwood as Miss Josephine Rintoul, paid us all a visit last week. She is going to enter housekeeping down town, shortly.

Miss Prudence Lewis spent Friday until Monday at Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lloyd's in Trenton, N. J., and had a delightful trip, and above all a most enjoyable visit.

Mr. Bishop, the instructor of the High Class, was absent from the class room for a few days last week on account of illness. His better half thought she would teach until he got well, and did it in a manner that reflected credit on one unused to the peculiarities of the deaf and dumb.

Chas. Jastram, of Newark, N. J., once the pride of the tailor shop here, paid the boys a visit last Monday, there being a strike of the Union Cutters in that city. He is a valuable workman in the place where he is employed.

A social reunion was held in the girls' sitting room last Saturday evening. "Fox and geese" was the leading game of the evening, and old and young participated in it alike, and a very enjoyable evening was passed.

A friend of Chas. Kieswetter who is under the employ of his father in Florida, came to see him a few days ago.

Michael McFaul, who was an object of admiration in sporting circles while a pupil here, appeared at Fanwood looking neat and trim in a Prince Albert last Sunday. He informed the boys that he was going to practice for a 100 yards running race to come off at some early date. He is still at Tarrytown, N. Y., earning good wages in a shoe establishment.

Many of the people here had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Maginn, of Dublin, so often heard of in the JOURNAL, last Monday afternoon.

A. Pettit, M.D., of New Orleans, made a tour of the Educational and Industrial departments last Monday, and appeared greatly interested in everything.

There was a general rejoicing here on learning of the victory which W. H. Rose gained running in a match for printers at the Harlem River Park last Thursday. The distance was one mile, and he won easily in good time. He learned his trade in the printing office here, and has a good place in the *Spirit of the Times* office.

AQUILA.

The life and work of the late Mr. John Jennings, Founder of the South London Gospel Mission for the Deaf and Dumb.

(From the Deaf and Dumb World.)

Mr. John Jennings was born at Southwark, in 1833, and lost his hearing at the age of three and a half years, through a box on the ear. He was admitted into the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in the Old Kent Road, when ten years of age, and remained in the school till he was fourteen, and then apprenticed to a carver, who was also deaf and dumb. Here he endured many hardships, being compelled to work from early dawn to ten o'clock at night. Still he struggled on, never losing heart.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship he set up in business for himself. He was a regular attendant at Shaftesbury Hall, when the late Mr. Matthew Robert Burns was Biblical Instructor.

At this time he began to preach to his deaf and dumb brethren, and to give occasional lectures. In the year 1865, he joined the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Deaf and Dumb, under Mr. Burns, when he soon rose to be on the committee, and thus to be Assistant Biblical Instructor to Mr. Burns, with whom he worked seventeen years.

The celebrated Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, by whom Mr. Jennings was baptized, then kindly offered him a room, free of all expenses, in which to preach and instruct the deaf and dumb, which was thankfully accepted, and he preached there for the space of three years. During all this time, now amounting to twenty years, he had been working at his trade as a carver, and had given all his spare time to the Lord's work, which he did freely, and without receiving any remuneration for it. For a long time he had felt a great desire to give his whole time for the benefit of the deaf and dumb. But being only a poor man, depending on his labours for his daily bread, he hesitated; but at last decided to give up all his worldly affairs, and devote his whole time to the Lord's cause. Having taken a room of the Rev. Newman Hall, at Christ Church, Westminster Road, for Monday evening lectures, and a room at Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate St. (in which he formerly preached), for Sabbath day services, he solicited subscriptions from some gentlemen, who took an interest in his mission, and were willing to subscribe towards the rent and other expenses. After teaching for three years at Aldersgate St., the building was pulled down. He then took the Memorial Hall, New Kent Road, where he held two services on Sunday, a debate fortnightly, and lectures every other Monday. He also re-organized the Deaf and Dumb Teetotal Society, in 1879, under the title of the "Anchor of Hope," of which he was the President, and Mr. S. B. Lucas was Vice-President.

In 1871 Mr. Jennings was presented with a testimonial by his congregation, as a token of esteem and affection, and in recognition of his faithful and untiring labours. This is what a deaf-mute said of Mr. Jennings, when writing a sketch of his life:—"Being a deaf-mute himself, he thoroughly understands our ways, and can feel for us, he knows our need, and tries to satisfy that need."

He had long wished to be able to build a place in which the deaf and dumb could meet every evening, and seeing that a piece of land was for sale in the Ossery Road, he mortgaged what little property he possessed to purchase the land, then solicited subscriptions for the purpose of building a mission hall. Not being able to gather sufficient funds to start building, he mortgaged the land that he had bought, hoping to be able to redeem it and so leave a free place of worship for his deaf and dumb brethern. He was called away from the world of trouble, before he could accomplish his work. Since his death, the hall and land have been sold to pay off the mortgage.

It is believed, through overwork and constant troubles, that he became ill with cancered liver, and for two long years did he suffer, before he was taken home to his last rest, till within two months of his death working among his beloved brethern.

His death was a happy one, indeed. The thought of death troubled him not! He only thought of the Saviour he was to meet above; he was glad to leave his worldly troubles.

Day after day his congregation came to see him, each with their comforting words, and his answers to them were always on the happiness he expected to receive from his loving Master. On Monday morning, November 3d, at about four o'clock, he became unconscious, and again at about six, but every now and again, when we asked him in the finger and sign-language, "Is Jesus coming?" he would nod his head, and cast his eyes towards Heaven. At 9:15 he died without a moan; in fact, it was hard to believe that his spirit had departed, for he died as if in sleep. Then down on our knees we went, and prayed for a happy welcome of his soul to Heaven, which, through the love of his Heavenly Father, had done so much good on earth to his deaf and dumb brethern. Many were the calls to see him; many were the lamenations of the deaf and dumb, over their lost friend and minister. How they missed him. But we are only separated for a short time, we shall meet again in Heaven. Then glory, when all the ears shall be unstopped and the tongue loosened, and we shall sing together the praises of Our Redeemer.

His funeral took place on Monday, November 10, 1884. He was followed to his final grave by over one hundred deaf and dumb persons. His coffin was covered with flowers brought by his deaf and dumb friends. A very fine wreath was presented by Mrs. Ashford, on behalf of the Teetotal Society. At the Cemetery, the service, which was read by the Rev. C. Rhind, was interpreted to the deaf and dumb by Mr. Ernest Abraham.

Such is the brief account of the life of an humble worker in the Lord's cause.

ERNEST ST. CLAIR.

STRANGE STORY.

A DEFORMED HUMAN BEING IN THE HOUSE TWENTY SIX YEARS.

A most curious freak of nature was discovered last night by a reporter of this paper. It has been confined in one room for twenty-six years past and was known to exist only by a few persons. After climbing a rickety staircase in a three-story tenement-house at 144 Penn avenue, the visitor entered one room. It contained two beds and one cot, an old bureau, one table, two or three chairs and a cooking stove. Lying on one of the beds was a human being, who is one of the most remarkable monstrosities seen out of a circus side-show. He is a man 27 years of age, whose height is only three and one-half feet. His face gives him the appearence of a wild man, having thick stubs of a beard covering it and a thick black growth of hair on his head.

REMARKABLE MEASUREMENTS.

Around his neck measures fifteen and one-half inches and around the forehead five inches. His hands were compared with the hand of a 3-year-old lying at the foot of the bed, and were found to be much smaller. They were then put alongside the hand of another child of 2 years sleeping on the cot and were found to be about the sama size. His chest is very small. His legs measure about sixteen or eighteen inches around the upper part and the least bit smaller above the knee. Below the knee they are very fleshy. In all, his limbs are about the size of a large, heavy man. His feet could not be seen as they were covered, and as he was sleeping the father, Joseph Glaser, an employe of H. & J. Heinz, sickle-works, did not care to wake him. Mr. Glaser stated that they were an unusual size.

The man seems to gradually grow larger from the top of his head down. He is deaf and dumb, and cannot utter a single syllable.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Glaser, who is a German, stated that the child was born in Cincinnati. Its mother, he said, fell down a flight of atairs a few weeks before its birth, thus causing the strange shape. A Cincinnati physician thinks this was the cause. When the child was 1 year old the family moved to Pittsburgh, taking a room in the above named house where it has since lived for twenty-six years, seldom if ever leaving the room of the hall-way outside the door. A New York museum manager who heard of the "freak" offered $700 for it and $500 was offered by a Cincinnati museum manager. Another offer was made of $20 per week. All these offers were refused. The man or child was never on the street but once, when he escaped the vigilance of his stepmother. It will seem strange when it is stated that the neighbors know nothing of this monstrosity. The father has also one son twenty-one years of age of unsound mind.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Church Notices.

Deaf-Mutes are cordially invited to the following named services in sign-language:

Sunday, Oct. 3.—10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 1:30 P.M., All Saints Church, Providence, R. I.

Monday, Oct. 4.—7:30 P.M., All Saints Chapel, Worcester, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass.

Wednesday, Oct. 6.—7:30 P.M., Room of the "Silent Society," Lowell, Mass.

Thursday, Oct. 7.—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, Mass.

Friday, Oct. 8.—7:30 P.M., Guild Room, St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.

Sunday, Oct. 10—12 M. (Holy Communion) and 3 P.M., Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass.; and 7 P.M., Sunday School Room of St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Oct. 3.—St. Louis, 10:30 A.M., and 3 P.M.
" 4.—Jacksonville, 7:30 P.M.
" 6.—Chicago, 10 A.M. Opening of General Convention.
" 10.—Indianapolis, 9 A.M., 2:30 and 4 P.M.
" 11.—Connersville, 7:30 P.M.
" 16.—Cincinnati, 8 P.M. Lecture.
" 17.—Cincinnati, 3 P.M.
" 18.—Dayton, 7:30 P.M.
" 22.—Cleveland, 7:30 P.M.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas. E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Dezendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social ability among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Dezendorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn, Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. S. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. Fred Reiker, President; Alfred Bierlein, Secretary. His address is 36 Celestial St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1904 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED).

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; W. H. Weeks, New Hampshire; W. Deering, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice President; Hezekiah Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Whitbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, West Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GRAND BALL
OF THE
Gallaudet Club
OF NEW YORK CITY,
Friday, December 10, at 8 P. M.
(To commemorate the Birthday of T. H. Gallaudet.)
TO BE HELD IN
LYRIC HALL,
Sixth Avenue and 42d Street.

The Gallaudet Club cordially invites all deaf-mutes and their hearing friends to be present.

The object of the Club in giving the Ball is not to make money, but to honor Gallaudet.

No pains and no expense will be spared to insure an enjoyable time to all who may be present.

Dinner will be served in the hall by a first-class caterer.

Tickets - - - - $1.00

Ladies, accompanied by gentlemen escorts, will be admitted free.